

SHERMAN'S JOURNAL

MILITARY GAZETTE

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Civil, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

VOL. VII—NO. 20,

SAN FRANCISCO: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 176.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

TERMS, One Year, \$5; Six Months, \$3.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY CHARLES M. CHASE.
AT SHERMAN'S BUILDING,
North East corner Clay and Montgomery streets.

TERMS FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH.

THE FIREMAN'S JOURNAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE is published every Saturday morning, and served to City Subscribers at Fifty Cents per month, payable to the Proprietor. It will also be mailed for six months for \$3.00 or \$5.00 a year payable invariably in advance.

Communications, connected with the Editorial department, to be addressed to the editor, post paid—on business to the Publishers.

Attention whatever will be paid to anonymous communications. Any person wishing articles published in the "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author.

Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates. Descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

The Barefoot Boy.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings upon thee, little man!
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!
With thy red lip redder still,
And thy merry whistled tune—
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy brown hair's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give you joy—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prize thou art—the grown up man
Only is Republican.
Let the million dollar ride—
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakens in laughing day;
Health that mocks the doctor's rule;
Knowledge never learned at school;
Of the wild bird's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude,
Of the tenants of the wood,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole nests his brood;
Where the whitest willow blows,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails in vine,
Where the good grape's cluster shines,
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the agricultural plans
Of gray hornet artifice—
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all his asks,
Hand in hand with her walks,
Face to face with her talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on her barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for,
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Piled the mouse made his spade!
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispered at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand rimm'd pickled pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine the bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew,
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh! for festive dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoons and bowl of wood,
On the door stone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-ribbed, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-sung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the plectrum orchestra,
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire!
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble spared the new mown award,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool winds kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride—
Lost the freedom of the sod,
Like the colt for work besod,
Made to tread the mill of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless mold;
Happy if their tracks be found
Never on forbidden ground—
Happy if their slink and sneak
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah, that thou couldst know the joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

Charles, if we believe the record, had in his army a great Swiss named Ancher, who forded rivers that were unbridged, whatever their depth, and he likewise moved down men like blades of grass. The men slain by him in a fight he swung over his shoulder.

"My love," said Mrs. Poodle to her husband, oblige me with a ten dollar note to-day, to purchase a new dress. "Shan't do any such thing, Agnes," you called me a bear, yesterday. "Lal love, that was nothing; I meant by that that you were fond of hugging."

An old settler out West, who was elected Justice of the Peace, couldn't raise enough to pay an officer for qualifying him in, so he stood up before the glass and swore himself.

The Young Amazon.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Kate, if you think I am going to admire your rueful face in silence any longer, you are mistaken!"
The speaker was a very beautiful little blonde, Miss Flora Hastings by name, and the person she addressed was her most intimate friend, Miss Kate Elliot. Our heroine, Kate, is of medium height, with a perfect figure, tiny hands and feet, and free, graceful movements. She had large hazel eyes, a brilliantly fair complexion, with a rich color in her cheeks, dark, chestnut hair, falling in large, thick curls upon her neck, and most beautiful features.

"Well, Flora," she said, with a deep sigh, "Walter Elliot is coming to-morrow."
"Well?"
"Father has gone to New York for a fortnight, and my cousin Walter is coming to propose to me."

"Well, well! It ain't well, it's very ill. I don't want to marry him!"
"Then refuse him!"
"I can't!"
"Why not?"

"Oh, I thought you knew all about it. Walter Elliot is my father's brother's son; my father and uncle had one sister, an old maid, very wealthy. About three years ago she died, and left her money to Walter and myself, if we married each other. Father is rich; so is uncle George, but whoever of us refuses the other loses Aunt Lizzie's money. Last week Walter became of age, and, as I am seventeen, our respective papas have concluded that we are old enough to settle this matter, so Walter comes to-morrow. Father, who was obliged to leave home this morning, charged me not to refuse my cousin, and if he should take a fancy to me, Harry says—"

"I thought Harry was at the bottom of it; but talk of angels—here he comes."

The new-comer, a tall, handsome young man, Harry Graham, and Kate's husband elect, in case the formidable cousin did not propose, sprang up the steps of the balcony, and seated himself between the two young ladies.

"What's the matter? Kate darling; you look lugubrious!" was his first question.
Kate told her troubles, concluding with "Oh, Harry, tell me how to make him hate me."
"Can't think of any way, upon my honor; if a description of the young gentleman, whom you say have not seen for six years, will help you any, here it is: Walter Elliot is very good-looking, excessively refined, and very dandy; thinks ladies should be the pink of neatness, sweetness, quiet obedience and submission; by the way, Kate, if you marry him you must calculate to give up shooting and riding."

While Harry had been speaking, Kate's face had brightened up wonderfully; as he finished, she sprang up, clapping her hands together, and cried,

"I've hit it!"
"Hope you didn't hurt it much," said Flora.
"But," said Harry, "I thought this matter was all arranged. I promised to call him out and shoot him."

"Nonsense, Harry! but set your mind at rest; I've hit upon a tip-top scheme. Here Adam! Adam!" she cried, waving her hand to a man who was wedding in the garden below them, "harness up Billy in the carry-all. Harry, you shall drive me into town. I want a whole lot of things. Let me see: I want a black wig, some walnut dye, a more jockey-looking cap, a pair of green spectacles for Flora, a larger riding-whip—"

"Kate Elliot," said Flora, seizing her by the shoulders, and looking straight into her face, "have you taken leave of your senses?"
"No, I'm only considering how to take leave of my lover; but come, we must dress for a drive, and as we go to town, I will tell you both my plan."

The next day, in the afternoon, Walter Elliot arrived at his uncle's house. Flora met him at the door, and introduced herself to him as Miss Straightlace, Miss Elliot's companion. She was dressed in a high-necked dark dress, with a plain linen collar, wore a white muslin cap, coming close around her face, and a pair of green spectacles. When they entered the parlor, they found Harry extended on the sofa, and he also was completely metamorphosed. A jockey's dress, red wig, highly rouged cheeks, and a very large patch over one eye, altered him beyond recognition.

"Mr. Elliot," said Flora, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Patrick O'Bryan, Miss Kate's instructor in riding and shooting."

"The top of the day to ye," said Pat, lazily rising, and shaking Walter's hand vigorously.

"I do not see my fair cousin here," said the disappointed dandy.

"Oh, Kate!" said the pretended Irishman; "she's about somewhere."

At that instant the report of a pistol was heard. Walter's hat turned round on his head, and then fell to the ground.

"Hit it, by Jove!" cried Kate's voice, and then a figure sprang in through the window, and the same voice said, "Why, man, have you no manners than to keep your hat on before Straighty?"

"I said Kate's voice; for the figure was very little like Kate. Her own brown curls were cooped under a black wig, which was arranged in a very blowsy, unpicturesque manner;

her little jockey cap was placed jauntily on one side of her head; her dark, green riding-habit, although it fitted admirably, was torn in several places, and revealed a pair of garters, two or three sizes too large for the pretty feet they covered; and her own fair complexion was dyed to the hue of an Indian.

"How d'ye do, coz?" said Kate, carelessly, as she threw her gauntlets upon the table. "Oh!" she cried, pointing to a curl upon the top of her cousin's head, and at the same time drawing another pistol from her belt, "what a splendid shot. What will you bet now, coz, that I can't singe that curl, and not touch your face!" and she pointed the pistol full at the dandy's head.

"Cousin, for Heaven's sake don't shoot!" cried the horrified Walter.

"Not shoot! Why not? Nonsense, I will shoot, but make your bet first."
"Excuse me, I decline being made a target of, as the risk of having my brains blown out."

"What risk? I'm sure to hit. Pat, you put something on your head, and let Walter see what a shot I am; name a bet first."

"Well," said Harry, "if you hit, I kiss you; if you miss, you kiss me."

"Kiss that fellow!" groaned Walter.

"Call me a fellow again, and I'll pitch you out of the window!" shouted Harry.

"Come, come, gentlemen, don't quarrel," said Kate, "Pat, I agree to your bet. Here, put this apple on your head, and kneel down before the east window."

A close observer could have seen a hole in the apple, and it was from side to side. Harry took it, put it on his head, and knelt down before the east window. Walter looked another way; the pistol which had no ball was fired; and then Kate caught up the apple and triumphantly exhibited the hole in it. The next moment "that fellow" was taking his bet.

"Could you aim a pistol at my head?" he whispered.

"No," was the reply; "cousin Walter really believed the little stone you fired at his hat was my ball. Now, you get out of the way with Fly as soon as you can."

"If you please, Miss Kate," said a little stable-boy, putting his head in at the door, "the chestnut filly has got the staggers!"

"What!" cried Kate, seizing the boy by the collar, and dragging him into the room—
"What?" she cried again, with a scream of passion. "How dare you come here croaking?" and she pilled the riding-whip about the shoulders, till the poor fellow thought his promised dollar was hard earned.

"If you please," sobbed the unfortunate victim, "the groom sent me, and he says, what shall he do? Oh, dear Miss Kate! please! how that whipsnaps! Oh, oh! oh!" and a long drawn howl completed the sentence.

"Pat, dear," said Kate, "will you go see about the filly; and you, stupid," she added, speaking to the boy, "see if you can take my gloves and whip into my room. Gracious! how my hair is blown by riding!" she said, as soon as she was alone with her cousin. "Oh! Walter," and she popped down beside him, "I want to tell you all about my ride this morning. You see, there was a party went to see Mr. Peters and I run a race. I bet my diamond pin against a gold chain on a steeple-chase. Well, we started! First, there was a run on level ground, then a ditch to leap, then a fence and ditch, then a hedge and fence, and then all three at once—Off we went; Selim pulled to take the lead, but I held him in, until we came to the fence; over we went, in fine style; but my habit caught on a nail, and tore this great piece out, and it is hanging there now for aught I know. I vow! See the chain, is it not a beauty? When we were married, I must have plenty of riding! I adore riding and shooting. There! I forgot that curl; do stand up now, that's a good fellow; in know what a shot I am. When we are married—"

"Zounds, cousin, we never will be married." A flash of triumph shot over Kate's face.

"Nonsense, man; don't get into a passion—You know we must get married. Why pa will not let me flirt a bit, because I'm engaged to you; and so I can only coquette with Mr. Peters and Pat, and Joe Sanders, and—and—oh, cousin, do smooth down that curl, it is really too tantalizing. I will play for you," and catching up a French horn that was on the piano, she blew such a blast that Walter clapped both hands over his ears.

"Oh, cousin," cried the hoyden, throwing down the horn, and dragging him to the window, "see, there is my groom with the chestnut filly, as well as ever he was. Won't I give it to that little liar for scaring me so? Only let me catch him, and I'll cure him of lying for one while. Ain't he a beauty, cousin? When we are married, you must give him the very best place in your stable; and oh! cousin, I want a sulky like James Brown's when we are married; pa won't let me have one now; but I mean to do just as I please when we are married."

"We never will be married," screamed the unfortunate dandy. "I'd as lieve marry the Witch of Endor."

"Yes; but, cousin, we must be married; we are engaged."

"I will write to your father, declining the alliance."

"Don't, cousin; he would scold so. But if you insist, there are pen, ink, and paper; but, don't, please, be too hard on me."

"There, Kate, there is the note, and now I have the honor to wish you a very good day."

"Nay, nay, cousin, you must not go. You came to stay some weeks, and you shall not go to-night. I expect Mr. Graham and Miss Hastings to spend the evening with me, and I will be as quiet a girl as I can if you will only stay. Here come my friends."

Harry and Flora passed through a second introduction in propria persona without exciting the least suspicion, and Kate left them to entertain her cousin while she went to change her dress.

When she returned, she wore a white dress with short sleeves and low neck, and her clean face and hands looked whiter than ever from the contrast they afforded to their late dyed state. The ugly black wig was gone, and her own brown curls fell in rich profusion over her snowy shoulders; a tiny pair of exquisitely fitting slippers completed her fascinations.

Walter arose in perfect astonishment.

"Oh! cousin," said Kate, holding out both her hands, "I am delighted to find you still here. What!" she exclaimed, as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, "you are willing to give me some cousinly regard then?"

The evening passed pleasantly with music and conversation, and Walter stayed three weeks with his charming cousin. All that time he did not know whether to be furiously jealous of Harry, or to congratulate himself upon an escape from a wife who could shoot and ride like his cousin Kate. Flora, who admired his face, figure and manners, had a share in making him finally adopt the latter course of thinking, and about the time that Kate became Mrs. Graham, Walter carried the lovely Flora to share his city home.

A Britisher on Yankees.

I remember one Silas Gray, a queer fellow, a citizen of the world, who, when he heard a traveler's tale, always chimed in with one more extraordinary story. Such as this: "Did you ever go to the Rocky Mountains? Well, I wonder at that. You may be sure you don't know the world. My ancestors came from there, and in my younger days we used often to talk about an old uncle that was living there about a century ago. He was a crack shot, and when he came down to see grandfather, brought a particular long gun with him. I thought I might as well go and see what he had done with the old man. Well, do you know, that district is so remarkably healthy, high up in the air, that people never die. They get old and shriveled, and lose their faculties pretty much, and then the neighbors tie them up in a sack, and tuck them and hang them in the church. So when I got to the place, I went to the church and asked the man that had charge if he knew what had become of my uncle. The man said he didn't know, but if I would come along with him, he'd see. So we went round and examined the sacks—a precious lot of them. Sure enough, there was uncle's name on one. So the man asked me if I wished to speak to him. I told him I wanted particularly to do it. Well, he took down the sack, and inside there was my uncle, as dry as a mummy. He put him into warm water, and after a while began to open his eyes and sneeze. At last he said, 'Well, uncle, can you speak?' and he said he could. So I began to chat with him about our relations. The old man presently tired, and then began to yawn. Says he, 'If you have anything particular to ask about, I guess you had better make haste, as I am getting tired, and want to be hung up again.' 'Well, then, uncle,' says I, 'I do just want to know what became of a particular long gun you used to have.' 'Look,' says I, 'under the thatch at the northwest corner of the house, and you'll find it.' 'Thank you, uncle,' says I; and we tied the old man up again—Well, I found the gun, and loaded it with a pound of powder and six pounds of shot. In my country the pigeons are so plentiful that, unless you drive them away, they eat up all the grain. Somebody has to go out every morning and shoot them. Well, I was anxious for my turn. So I got up very early, long before daylight, and I laid the gun along a fence, just to sweep the field, as I thought. I sat down to wait for morning, but somehow fell asleep. When I woke, the ground was literally plastered with pigeons. But the gun swept just over their heads and 'twas no use firing at them as they lay; but I thought that was no great matter, so made ready. 'Hallo!' says I, and up they flew. I let fly, but the hundredth of a second too late. Not a bird did I kill; but we picked up two bushels and a half of legs and feet on the ground.'—Transatlantic Sketches.

THE OLD FASHIONED TITHINGMAN.—Mr. Edmund Quincy, of Mass., at the Dedham tree planting, gave a graphic account of the old-time custom of appointing tithingmen in the churches, to be a terror to delinquents, who were consigned to penance and tribulation on the pulpit stairs. The tithingman, as a badge of his office, carried a long staff, on one end of which was a fox's tail, and on the other a formidable knob, and it was his province when any of the congregation indulged in somnolence—which they did sometimes, then, though such faults are not known in our day—to walk stealthily along to where the slumberer was sitting if a female, tickle her nose with the fox's tail and if a male, give him a pretty smart bat on the head with the knob of his official baton.

The method was very efficacious in restoring sleepers to their propriety. No such severity is now needed; the progress of the times having extracted poppies from the sermon and removed the necessity for tithingmen.

Kateleen's Dream.

BY EDGAR FAHOB VAN GANSEN.

I was waiting for letters at Antrim, a pleasant little town bordering on Lough Neagh, in the north of Ireland. I had sojourned in the vicinity for some time, expecting the letters I had ordered to be forwarded from Belfast. I had visited the Giant's Causeway, and the great natural curiosity there presented had fully satisfied my inquiring and curious mind.

The province of Ulster is chiefly famous for the manufacture of linens; it is made in almost every village and family. Having learned by experience that private houses were more likely to furnish accommodations suited to the wants of sojourners than the majority of so-called public houses, on my arrival at Antrim I had made inquiries, and finally taken lodgings with a quiet family by the name of McLeary. The household consisted of Dennis, and Ellen, his wife, Kateleen, a blooming maiden of eighteen summers, and a young child named Aurora, or Rory, as she was familiarly called.

The family mainly relied for their support upon the linen manufactured by the skillful fingers of the mother and her two daughters. True, there was a patch of ground attached to the low and rudely-built, but cheerful hamlet of the industrious family, to which Dennis devoted the most of his spare time. It yielded corn and potatoes, and grass enough for a cow, and that was all; but, little as it was, it sufficed for the simple wants of those who resided upon it.

Dennis and Ellen had extended to me the cordial welcome for which the Irish people are noted, and I, accustomed to simple habits and taste, soon learned to conform to their customs and habits, and become as one of their household. Soon after I was domiciled, a slight attack of fever brought Rory to a sick bed. Having some knowledge of medicine, and being amply stocked with healing remedies, it was but a friendly task for me to exert my skill in physic in favor of the daughter of my host. This I did with eminent success, and the praise lavished upon me was so profuse as to become annoying. Henceforth I was dubbed a doctor, and my name was never used without being coupled with an expression of gratitude.

All this was very pleasant, and as it smoothed the way to an intimate acquaintance with the friends of the family, I had a better opportunity of studying the peculiar characteristics of the Irish race than I would otherwise have had. Kateleen's native simplicity charmed me. Understand me, gentle reader, at the outset. I did not fall in love—far from it. I was well stricken in years, and the sentiment, however much it may have ruled in my younger days, had settled down into an experience of the past. But, accustomed to the hollow-heartedness, the duplicity and the deception of womankind, it was a relief to meet with a young girl whose freshness of mind and simplicity of character stood out in such prominent relief.

So, ere long, Kateleen and I became the best of friends.

She had a lover in America, and to me, as an American, she came for whatever information I could give. Her questions as to the extent and the customs of this western land, in whose "blushing light" she one day hoped to walk, were answered to her entire satisfaction. Soon she came to make me her confidant, and told me, among other things, the name of her lover, the day he departed, and the time he had promised to return for her and convey her, a happy bride, to his home in the new world. And that time was rapidly approaching. Within two weeks he would be at her side. So she told me, one pleasant summer evening, holding in her hand the while the last letter she had received from him, announcing the day he would take his departure from New York City, and the probable length of the homeward voyage.

Sunlight was about the path of Kathleen McLeary. In it she lingered lovingly, and its beams painted the canvas floor unfurled before her eye.

Meanwhile the days wore on, and my letters, expected so long, had not come. I determined to remain a little while longer, and then, if still disappointed, to resume my journey, leaving directions for their forwarding. The family had all joined in entreating me to be present at the wedding, and as an Irish bride was something I had not witnessed during my sojourn, I was, as you may imagine, easily persuaded.

At last, the day her lover was expected home arrived. But I met Kathleen at the breakfast-table, there was something in her manner that arrested my attention. She had evidently been weeping, but not for joy; her eyes were swollen and inflamed, and her whole appearance betokened violent agitation.

Her mother noticed the dejected appearance of the girl, and inquired the cause; the excuse given in return was that she had not rested well through the night; but under this I saw a deeper cause, and one which she evidently wished to keep secret. So, coming to her aid, I suggested a strengthening plaster, and a lotion for the eyes. Kathleen thanked me by a look which seemed to say what her lips could not utter; my suspicions were thus confirmed as far as the excuse she had given for her appearance was concerned.

The morning hours lagged wearily on; Kathleen had kept quiet, and I had had no opportunity to converse with her alone. But after the mid-day meal had been dispatched, while the

mother and Rory were busy at work, and Dennis was out in the field, a motion from Kathleen induced me to follow her out of doors, and to a low seat under the shade of a tree in front of the hamlet.

Here she related to me a dream she had the previous night, which had caused her great grief. Before she had retired, she had seen the death sign in the candle; this had disturbed her mind before she slept, and when at last her eyes closed, there came to her a vision of her lover, struggling in the waves of the ocean, with arms uplifted heavenward, and vainly calling for help. Plainly she had seen the vessel strike the rocks; distinctly the face of her betrothed gleamed ghastly out of the dark bosom of the surging, seething sea. She heard him pronounce her name, and then—

Kateleen's face was buried in her hands, as she faintly finished the sentence.

The dark waters closed above a no longer straggling form, and down, down to the chambers of the deep, sank a lifeless body.

Shut out the vision Kathleen could not; and with tears and fears, the night had worn itself away.

This, then, accounted for her appearance in the morning. Something far as well as I could, and attributing her vision to the disturbed state of her mind, the evening previous, I left her and walked to the post-office. There was a glad surprise awaited me. Letters from home, and papers from England, sent by a kind friend, were placed in my hand, and with the keen joy they only know who have been for months without tidings from the absent, I broke seal after seal, and devoured their contents.

The papers next engaged my attention. The first one I opened contained an account of the loss of the packet ship Ellen Ross, with most of the crew and passengers. A list of the lost was appended to the account, and to my consternation, I read in it the name of Kathleen's lover. With high hopes beating in his rough but honest heart, he was nearing his native land and the idol of his affection, when his course was arrested, and in the dark and sultry night, he clasped the icy fingers of a bride not of his own choosing.

Kateleen's dream was a terrible fact! With slow steps, I wended my way to her home. How to unfold the fearful story I knew not; dreading the effect of the news, and yet not wishing to delay it, I at last resolved to request her mother to put the paper in Kathleen's room, and in such a position that she could not help noticing it. This Mrs. McLeary, to whom I revealed the tidings, chokingly assented to.

Night came, and silently and alone the blow fell upon Kathleen. We draw a veil upon what followed.

Three days afterwards there was a burial, and the green sod, turned aside to receive the cold form of Kathleen, was wet with the tears of those who had known and loved the gentle maid.

Condoling with her parents as well as I could, having waited for burial in place of bridal, I soon after resumed my journey. The incident found a corner in my note-book, and my memory faithfully treasures the sad episode of KATELEEN'S DREAM.—N. Y. Mercury.

BRINGING VIGILANCE TO A FOUL.—The Home-boys are located on Prince's Bay, S. I., for the summer season. Among other things towards comfort, which they have, or rather had, (since one of them is gone) in possession, were two spy-glasses, which they would be better enabled to discern distant objects on the bay. One of them was thrown into the water by a younger branch of the family, which but left us in the possession of one, which one was put very carefully away by the governor that it might not meet with a like fate. I paid them (the family, not spy-glasses) a visit in the midst of last week's hot weather. On the night of my arrival, and shortly after supper, while seated on the piazza as it is here termed, I had occasion to use the glass and asked for it. I was referred to one of the domestics named) no name I could use more classically (Hibernian) Bridget. I accordingly went to her, and told her 'I wished the spy-glass,' asking her at the same time, 'if I could not get it myself?' She answered 'that it was in the cellar.'

"In the cellar?" said I, 'Why, surely they might have found a more secure spot than that from the children?'

"I don't know, I'm shure, master Zekiel; but it's kapin cool there, untill it's cooked."

"Keepin' cool?" ejaculated I, 'untill cooked. Explain, Bridget; did you ever hear of a spy-glass being cooked—and how?'

"It is a spy-glass ye mane sir? Shure it's stuiped I am; I thought ye were askin' for spy-glasses."

Fact by Jove! She thought that instead of spy-glass, I asked for sparagus!

"THOU ART THE MAN."—A letter was received in New Orleans, directed to the 'biggest fool in New Orleans.'

The postmaster being absent, one of the clerks, not having an idea who the 'biggest fool in New Orleans' was, took upon himself the liberty of opening the letter.

On the return of the postmaster, he was immediately informed of the receipt of the strangely directed letter.

"Directed to 'the biggest fool in New Orleans,' eh? And what has become of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "nothing but the words—'Thou art the man!'"

SACRAMENTO.—BOARD OF DELEGATES.—The Board of Delegates of the Fire Department met last evening, says the Union of August 4th, at Hall of Fire Engine Company No. 4, President Alken presiding. The usual business having been transacted, a vote of thanks was passed to the officers of the Board, for the able and impartial manner in which they had discharged their duties during the year. Delegates Bidwell, Smith and Koneman were appointed to examine the returns of the late election for Chief Assistant Engineers, and the report of the Judges of Election was read. The report was received and confirmed, and the Secretary directed to issue the necessary certificates of election. Delegates Marshall, Parnell and Burke were appointed a committee to wait on the Engineers elect and introduce them to receive the oath of office. The officers elect were introduced by the committee, and the oath of office administered by John C. Barr, Notary Public. The officers are Geo. H. Brickman, Chief Engineer; Chas. Brooks, First Assistant Engineer; Samuel H. Aspell, Second Assistant Engineer. There being being no other business, President Alken briefly returned his thanks for the uniform courtesy they had extended him, and declared the Board adjourned sine die. The members of the new Board having been called to order; Frank S. Malone was called to the chair. Delegates Burke, Hogg, Folger and the Secretary were appointed to examine credentials; and reported the following as entitled to seats in the Board: R. and L. E. R. Burke and J. H. Virgo; H. and L. E. J. Wainerton and A. C. Folger; Engine 1, Geo. A. Putnam and D. W. Clark; Engine 2, N. Boice and J. Loryes; Engine 3, J. J. Smith and Wm. Hadwick; Engine 4, E. J. Graham and A. Koneman; Engine 5, W. M. Hogg and William Bidwell; Engine 6, S. Marshall and S. Finney; Hose 1, Alex. Badlam, Jr., and F. S. Malone. The roll being called, and every member answering, the oath of office was administered by J. C. Barr. The Board then proceeded to the election of permanent officers with the following result: President, 1st ballot—Marshall 5, Malone 7, Hogg 3; 2d ballot—Marshall 12, Malone 6, the name of Hogg having been withdrawn. S. Marshall was declared duly elected, the same unanimously confirmed, and the President elect inducted. Having returned thanks for the favor extended, the Board proceeded to the election of a Vice President. All the nominees having withdrawn, William Bidwell, of Engine Company No. 5, was unanimously elected on the third ballot: C. D. Hosack, of Hook and Ladder 1, 10; A. H. Cummings, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, 7; W. C. Felch, of Engine Company No. 4, 1; C. D. Hosack was declared duly elected. E. R. Burke of H. and L. No. 1, was unanimously elected Treasurer (all others declining), and required to file a bond in the sum of \$8,000 within ten days. On the fourth ballot for Trustee for the ensuing three years, J. Barronkamp of Engine Company No. 3 was duly elected, the vote being—Barronkamp, 11; Felch 6; Kellogg (of Engine Company No. 6), 5. The Trustee elect was required to file a bond in the sum of \$5,000 within ten days. The Board then adjourned.

ON WOMAN.—Remember this my boys. In Eden there was only one woman and it is the symbol of happiness. Would that it had been a Paradise for then the apple had not been there. This source of all evil was apple sauce.

At the first wedding ceremony, the bridegroom slept. How many have been led to the altar lilted by some soft soap-orific.

The Fireman's Journal

AND MILITARY GAZETTE.

MARSHALL B. BUCK, Editor.

SAN FRANCISCO
SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

Exempts.

The first annual election of officers of the Association of Exempt Firemen of the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on Monday evening next, August 16th, at 8 o'clock, at the Hall of Sansome Hook and Ladder Company No. 3.

All exempt by virtue of the action of the Board of Delegates, and who may sign the constitution and by-laws of the association within two weeks from the date of their adoption, may vote as the above election, and will be considered one of the original members of the association.

Every person signing the constitution and by-laws must present his certificate of exemption from the proper officers of the Fire Department.

By order, MARSHALL B. BUCK,
Secretary pro tem.
SAN FRANCISCO, August 14th, 1858.

We are authorized by Mr. Jacob Ezekiel, Secretary of the Fire Department, to say, that so soon as Mr. Farnsworth (elected in his stead on Wednesday evening), is qualified in accordance with the laws of the Department, he will withdraw all claims to the office.

The "death warrant" of the Fire Department, which the Board of Delegates, held one of its sessions on Wednesday evening and after disposing of business, as it was termed, elected under a misapprehension, Mr. W. O. Farnsworth, of Volunteer 7, Secretary, in place of Mr. Ezekiel. Now the election of a Secretary of any organization amounts to but very little in itself, but when as in the present case it is brought about by a direct violation of the laws under which the association so electing is supposed to act, it becomes a matter of considerable importance, and for the information of the community generally who are interested in the matter, we propose to give a full and succinct history of the same.

On the evening of the 11th November 1857, the first meeting of the present Board of Delegates was held and an effort made to elect a President, which failed. At a meeting of the Board, held on Friday evening, Nov. 20th, a President was elected and an attempt made to elect a Secretary. Mr. Ezekiel and J. H. Shepard were the candidates. The first named received 17 votes and the latter 15, and several scattering; and it was then decided there was no election. At a meeting of the Board on Dec. 9th, F. L. Jones, of 12, secured a postponement of the election of Secretary on the ground that he had charges of malfeasance in office to prefer against Mr. Ezekiel. At the meeting of the Board on the 5th May, the charges against Mr. Ezekiel were withdrawn; and balloting for Secretary of the Department again took place, with no result; other attempts were made to elect, until Wednesday evening, when Farnsworth as above stated was elected, he having received 16 votes.

On the evening of the 20th of November, Mr. Ezekiel was clearly elected Secretary of the Fire Department; he having received a plurality of the votes cast, and there being no law of the Department, which says a man shall receive a majority of votes to elect. At this election, Mr. Scannell moved that Mr. Ezekiel be declared elected Secretary unanimously. But some of the friends of Mr. Nuttall in the Board, such as a "nice," and Mr. Scannell was induced to withdraw his motion. At the meeting of the Board of which we speak, Mr. Ezekiel was compelled to vote on the question of Secretary, although the law of the Department says, that "no member of the Board shall vote on any question in which he is directly interested." But to carry a point "law and order" then made but very little difference, and it has since the present Board went into power; as the laws of the Department have been set at naught and violated night after night, notwithstanding the members of the Board are sworn to do their duty faithfully.

But as we have said before, the Board of Delegates elected a Secretary on Wednesday evening, by the President pro tem. of the Board of Delegates (and not of the Fire Department), allowed the Delegate from No. 13, to change his vote on the ground he had voted under a misapprehension; that is, he voted on several ballots for Mr. Whalen, and didn't know it; and by that means deprived the Department, by a petty, contemptible party vote, of the best Secretary it has ever had; acknowledged so by his enemies, and well known by his friends.

Immediately after Mr. Ezekiel had been defeated Mr. Charles M. Plum, one of the Delegates from No. 14, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Board tender to our late Secretary, Mr. Jacob Ezekiel, a vote of thanks for the efficient manner in which he has conducted the business of the Fire Department, during a portion of this term.

In regard to the latter portion of the resolution, we resume Mr. Plum alludes to the term, commencing in November last and ending on Wednesday evening; and if so, the charges against Mr. Ezekiel, which Mr. Plum assisted by his votes to bring, were lies, the war waged against him an unholy one, and the efforts made to injure him, in all of which Plum by his votes bore a part, were solely malicious, or the resolution we have quoted is a lie. He could not have been the guilty individual which Mr. Plum, by his votes, has sought to make him for months, and have been efficient at the same time. To be efficient, a man must be faithful in his business relations, and if Mr. Ezekiel was the efficient officer which Mr. Plum and the Board now declare him to be, why has he been so persecuted? And we will answer it, "solely on party grounds."

Mr. Ezekiel was a friend of Mr. Whitney and Mr. Plum was opposed to the latter, and consequently the first named had to be sacrificed to the desires of party, notwithstanding his qualifications for the position; and yet Mr. Plum is in favor of "rotism."

Now, Mr. Plum, would Mr. Frank Baker, who everyone knows to be a high-minded and honorable merchant as there is in the city, discharge a valuable book-keeper, who kept his accounts and the business of his office complete in all its details, because he was a Democrat in political feeling, and Mr. Baker was a Union Nothing, and because his friends solicited him so to do. No, he would scorn to lower himself so far into the filth of political degradation, as to be guilty of such unmanliness and meanness. But in this case, it cannot be said, like master, like man, for you Mr. Plum, testify in your own handwriting to Mr. Ezekiel's capability and efficiency, and then vote to dispossess him of his office, solely on political grounds; knowing at the same time that Mr. Ezekiel had a family depending upon him for support. Mr. Plum, you may represent Tip 14, but you are either a very unprincipled and green plan, or you are ripe in political dishonesty and artful dodges.

Board of Delegates.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Delegates was held at their chambers, City Hall, on Wednesday evening, August 11, 1858.

C. S. Biden, President pro tem, in the chair. The roll being called, thirty-one members answered to their names.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted. Judiciary, Finance, Rules, and Cemetery Committees and Committee on Certificates; no report. Committee on Treasurer's accounts, submitted a report stating that the same had been found correct. Report accepted.

Mr. Chase moved; That the election of Officers be postponed until the other business of the Department be finished.

Mr. Rand offered an amendment, To postpone the same until the 2d Wednesday in November. Lost.

The question being taken on the motion of Mr. Chase, on a call for the ayes and nays, resulted, ayes 14, nays 17. Lost.

Mr. Cobb then withdrew as a candidate for President.

The ballots were taken for President, resulting in no election.

Mr. Jones moved to elect a Secretary. Adopted, ayes 16, nays 15.

Mr. Jones nominated W. O. Farnsworth. Mr. Hoffersos nominated J. Ezekiel.

Mr. Chase nominated Jos. Middlemas. Two ballots were taken resulting in no election.

Mr. Gough moved to postpone the election of officers to next meeting; lost, ayes 13, nays 18.

On the third ballot, Mr. Farnsworth received 15 votes, when Mr. Lynch, who had voted for Mr. Whalen on every ballot, stated he wished to change his vote to Mr. Farnsworth as he voted under a misapprehension.

The Chair said if the gentleman had voted under a misapprehension he could change his vote.

Mr. Hoffersos appealed from the decision of the Chair.

The question being taken shall the decision of the Chair be sustained, on a call for the ayes and nays, resulted, ayes 16, nays 15. The decision was sustained.

Mr. Lynch then changed his vote to Farnsworth, making for that gentleman 16 votes. Mr. Farnsworth was then declared elected Secretary of the Fire Department for the unexpired term.

The Board then proceeded to the election of a Treasurer. On the second ballot, Mr. Cobb received 15 votes, and was declared elected Treasurer of the Fire Department for the unexpired term.

Two ballots were then taken for President, resulting in no election.

Mr. Hoffersos moved to postpone the election of President until the next monthly meeting. Adopted.

Communication from the Chief Engineer was received and read. [The communication may be found in another column.]

Mr. Plum moved; That they be received and a day appointed for the trial. Adopted.

Mr. Powell moved that Monday evening next be set for the trial.

Mr. Hoffersos amended, to make it Tuesday night. Adopted.

Mr. Cutter appointed Counsel for the Department.

Mr. Chase offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That Messrs. Henry A. Cobb, James H. Cutter, Geo. H. Hoffersos, W. H. Bovee, and C. M. Plum, are hereby appointed a committee to examine into the condition of the Charitable Fund, that they inquire the amount at present in the fund; the amount loaned upon securities; the nature of the securities, and report whether in the opinion of the committee the amounts are secure; also such other information as they may deem necessary to enable this Board to understand fully the present condition of the San Francisco Charitable Fund.

Resolved—That the Board of Trustees of the Charitable Fund, be requested to furnish the committee such facilities as will enable them to comply with the above resolution.

Mr. Plum offered the following:

Resolved, That this Board tender to our late Secretary, Mr. Jacob Ezekiel, a vote of thanks for the efficient manner in which he has conducted the business of the Fire Department during a portion of this term. Adopted.

Communication from Geo. A. Worn, ordered on file.

The following, offered by Mr. Hoffersos, was adopted:

Resolved, That all parties applying for exempt certificates file their applications with the Secretary of this Board, who shall at once submit them to the Committee on Certificates, who, if found correct, shall refer them to the Board of Delegates for approval.

The Board then adjourned.

WE UNDERSTAND—That at the next election for officers of the Department, all the companies intend to go out of service, as those who don't do any work secure all the offices. Volunteer 7, which company has not done a stroke of work since last January, is now drawing from the fund of the Department at the rate of \$2700 per annum, (being about one-tenth of the whole appropriation made for the Department), in salaries alone, and yet they complain through long-winded cards of the hardships they are called upon to endure.

Verily, "Volunteer" is an appropriate name for them.

PENNSYLVANIA 12.—The painting of the engine is being rapidly pushed forward to completion and will be entirely finished by the 14th September, the anniversary of the Company. The Hose Carriage is also undergoing repairs and alterations and which with the engine, will form two of the handsomest pieces of apparatus in the State. The engine of No. 12, is to be black, with mountings of silver and the stripes gilt. The whole expense of the affair will amount to twelve hundred dollars.

KNICKERBOCKER 6.—In our report of the fire at the foot of California street, a few days since, we stated that No. 6 broke down when she was most needed; that is, when the Washington Restaurant took fire. We have since been informed on good authority, that the engine did not break down until fifteen minutes before No. 5 was ordered to take up, and then she was not so disabled as to prevent her working. We cheerfully make the correction.

VIGILANT 9.—The large engine of this Company will be in service again in a few days. Mr. McKibbin's portion of the work on it has been finished, and as a matter of course will be done. The wheels of the engine are in the hands of the painter, and will when turned out, look very well. They are to be the same color as those of the Hose Carriage.

IN TOWN.—We have had the pleasure of a visit this week from Mr. John H. Houseman, Foreman of Protection 9 of Sacramento. Mr. H. has just returned from Fraser River, after an absence of two months; he looks in perfect health. He thinks there is but little permanence in the new country, in a business point of view, and we agree with him.

CONSISTENT, VERY.—To see the independent and impartial Herald show everything into print which militates against No. 6, and exclude everything in relation to other companies, as in the case of Dunlevy, of No. 12.

SACRAMENTO 3.—William Hadwick has been elected Assistant Foreman of this company, vice J. E. Burkman, resigned.

Letter from Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 12th, 1858.

Editor Fireman's Journal.—Inasmuch as it is essential that you should have some one in so large a town as this to keep yourself and readers posted on "fire talk," and one who will treat on facts and ignore personalities, I have concluded to furnish you with a weekly letter.

Confession I am in exasperation over the election of Brickman; and with him as Chief, that company is undoubtedly the strongest, both physically and politically, of any fire association in the city.—Brickman has entirely abandoned a former habit of his, and steps into the ranks with a will. He is a rough diamond, and will make a good and popular Chief. Charley Brooks, the First Assistant elect, has disposed of his interest in the "Antelope," and will probably now sit up, to be on hand at the first tap of the bell. Appell, the Second Assistant elect, takes the drudgery of office more calmly, and sticks to printing; but takes great pleasure in displaying his white hat and trumpet.

The outside talk is now, that the two Hook and Ladder Companies will be consolidated, and the house removed to the centre of the city; but nothing can be told definite at present, although the measure is looked upon as a very desirable change, as both companies can scarcely muster a corporal's guard; but those few are some of the best boys in the Department. Atken and his company No. 2, take the defeat of their candidature very badly, and positively assert that "rotism" and "shenanigans" were resorted to, which I think was not the case. About twelve of Sacramento's members have left the Department, owing to the contra feeling existing to the Chief elect; otherwise I hear of no practical demonstration.

We have also a wheel within a wheel of discontent, the Secretary of the Board of Delegates. The candidates were Hosack of H. and L. 1, Cummings of H. and L. 2, and Felch of Engine 4.—Hosack was the incumbent and successful candidate, and labored less for the position, which is much to his credit. Mr. Cummings being defeated, now threatens to stop the pay of the Secretary, on the ground of his being a foreigner and not eligible, and actually refuses to speak to a man so low as to defeat him. Felch did not even get the delegation of his own company to vote for him, and utters anathemas, loud and deep, on the new Board for their treachery.

Some of No. 3's boys presented the name of Badlam, of Neptune Hose Company, for Assistant Engineer, in order to defeat one of the candidates for their own company; but the posting of his (B's) name being heard of, he forthwith put notices on 4th house, at which place the polls were held, positively declining to run or accept in case of an election. On it becoming known that Badlam's name was in use, Marshal Tukey, of 4, I learned from a reliable source, called on him, and offered him his entire company's vote, if he, who was a member of the Board of Delegates, would vote for Felch for Secretary. The proposition was refused; but when the company (No. 4), went into caucus on the morning of election, they decided to give a plumper for Badlam, with the hope, as was stated before the company, that he would vote for Felch. The result is apparent.

There is much to tell you, which is untold; but at present, as the bell is ringing I must close; but I am round hereafter hebdomadally.

Yours, SLUGGULLION.

Letter from Marysville.

MARYSVILLE, Aug. 9th, 1858.

Editor Fireman's Journal.—As you have always taken a great interest in the prosperity of this place and have always been found the advocate of right and justice, and as in regard to the State Fair, you were very prominent in bringing to our notice, I take the liberty of bringing to your notice a fact, which I do not think need credit on Messrs. John C. Fall, G. H. Sweeney, John A. Paxton, and George H. Beach, directors of the State Fair.

You are aware that with the exception of the prizes awarded to the Firemen, the others consist of medals, cups, plate of various kinds, and articles only obtainable from Jewelers; well instead of the above named individuals patronizing Messrs. Caulfield & Wright, or S. D. Baldwin of this city, as good workmen as can be found anywhere, they post off to San Francisco, and order work to the amount of six or seven thousand dollars, thereby excluding entirely the artisans of their own city from any participation therein.

Now what is the reason the *fashionables* of Marysville have thus thrown an insult upon their neighbors? Is it because there are no competent gold or silver workers in this city? If that is the reason, I pronounce it false at the start, and challenge Messrs. Fall, Sweeney, and Beach to the proof. It cannot be said the work could not be done as cheap in this city as in San Francisco, for the reason that those sapient directors of State Fair did not take the trouble to inquire into the matter. The jewelers and those interested in the fair, were not asked to estimate as to the probable cost of the requirements of the Fair, in the particular I speak of.

No, I suppose they thought it would not be fashionable or *come in* to patronize the workmen of their neighborhood, but they, Messrs. Fall, Sweeney, Paxton and Beach must keep up their reputation to go to foreign parts to furnish that which could have been furnished them at their own doors, and at the same, if not a less cost than at San Francisco.

But I presume it is no use to cry after spilt milk, the work has been ordered and nearly finished, Marysville has been given the go by, by those who have made a living and a fortune out of her; but as a matter of course she will have to grin and bear it. But before I close, I should like Messrs. Fall, Sweeney, Paxton, and Beach, to inform the workmen of Marysville, why they found it necessary to go San Francisco to have work done which could have been done in

MARYSVILLE.

EXEMPT CERTIFICATES.—The Union of Monday, says: The only Exempt Firemen's Certificates thus far issued were signed by Chief Engineer Joseph S. Friend the morning of his departure for the East (8th August), to the following applicants: J. Smith and John H. Cooper, of Engine Company No. 3, and George Rowland, of Engine Company No. 4. There have been many who have applied for certificates for their companies to the Board of Delegates, but, with the exception of the above, they have not presented their "credentials" to the officers authorized to issue the certificates.

In addition to the above, the same paper of Tuesday, has the following:

EXEMPT CERTIFICATES.—We mentioned on Monday that only three exempt certificates had been issued by the late Chief Engineer, Joseph S. Friend. We were shown yesterday three other certificates that were issued on the 9th of January last, and signed by Mr. Friend as Chief Engineer, Andrew Atkinson as President, and Charles Hosack as Secretary of the Board of Delegates. The certificates which we mentioned yesterday were the first issued to those applicants whose claims were passed upon and admitted by the Board of Delegates.

INJURED.—Jeremiah Whalen, of Young America Engine Co. No. 18, was severely injured, while doing duty with Knickerbocker Engine Co. No. 5, on Saturday night, by having his foot run over.

WHERE—Will Clay street, from Dupont to Kearny, be paved? The work has been in progress long enough to have finished half a dozen streets of the same size.

Official.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Delegates of the Stockton Fire Department, was held on Tuesday evening, Aug. 10th 1858.

The Board was called to order by the Secretary, and in the absence of the President, F. C. Andrews was called to the chair.

The roll being called, the following members answered to their names: Andrew McKenney, Ellsworth, Pearall, Wells, Sanderson, Niestrath, Wagner, Wurster, Sellnach, Chate, Burton. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Committee on alarm bell reported progress, and recommended the matter be referred to the new Board. Report adopted and the committee discharged.

Committee to whom was referred the matter of Webster Engine Co. No. and the claim of A. Dennis, made a report, which was accepted and committee discharged.

Mr. Burton offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That whereas the matter between Webster Engine Company No. 1, and Mr. A. Dennis, having come before this Board, irregularly, it be dismissed without prejudice to either party.

Committee on exempt certificates reported that E. T. Jones was entitled to one, and recommended that it be granted.

The annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were received and laid on the table.

A vote of thanks was extended to the President and Secretary of the Board, for the faithful and impartial discharge of their duties.

The minutes of the present meeting were approved and the Board adjourned sine die.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW BOARD.

The Foreman and Delegates elect to the new Board were called to order by the Secretary of the old Board.

F. C. Andrews was called to the chair.

The credentials of new members were presented and referred to a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Weekes, Thrasher, and Severy.

The Board then took a recess, when being called to order, the following were reported as entitled to seats, and were admitted:

Protection Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1.—S. T. Nye, G. R. Chase, C. A. Porter, C. O. Burton, Weber Engine Co. No. 1.—M. S. Thrasher, F. C. Andrews, J. Adams, J. E. McKenzie.

Eureka No. 2.—S. Pearall, M. Severy, T. W. Newell, E. Weekes.

San Joaquin No. 3.—J. Mengis, M. Wagner, F. Sellnach, F. Potter.

The report being received and committee discharged, the Board proceeded to the election of officers with the following result:

S. T. Nye was elected President; C. O. Burton re-elected Secretary; F. C. Andrews re-elected Treasurer; T. W. Newell; M. Severy and J. E. McKenzie were elected Trustees.

The returns of election for Chief and Assistant Engineers, were presented and referred to a Committee for examination.

Communications were received from Protection Hook and Ladder No. 1, Weber Engine No. 1, and Eureka No. 2, notifying the Board of the election of members, asking a confirmation of the same, except in the case of one member under age.

Several expulsions were reported, and the names ordered stricken from the register.

An application from B. R. Lippincott, for an exempt certificate, was appropriately referred.

The committee on returns of elections reported, that John Remshart, of Eureka 2, had received a unanimous vote for Chief Engineer, and Philip Niestrath, of San Joaquin 3, and M. L. Bird, Assistant; and the Board then so declared the result, and the Secretary was instructed to notify the Mayor and Common Council.

A communication from M. L. Bird, declining the office of Second Assistant Engineer, was received and placed on file.

Mr. Burton then offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the office of Second Assistant Engineer be and is hereby declared vacant, and the President be requested to call an election to fill said vacancy.

The following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That said election shall be held at the house of San Joaquin Engine Company No. 3, on the 10th inst. at 10 o'clock, P. M., and close at 8 P. M., and the names of F. W. Newell, of No. 2, and M. Wagner, of No. 3, be and are hereby appointed judges to conduct said election.

It was moved and carried, that a committee of three be appointed on the alarm bell, with the same duties and powers as a like committee of the old Board had.

Mr. Burton were appointed the committee.

It was moved, that this Board ask of Weber Engine Co. No. 1, the use of their hall, for the meetings of the ensuing year. Carried.

On motion, the Board adjourned, to meet at the Weber engine house on Tuesday, Sept. 14th.

Fires and Alarms.

Aug. 7, 10 A. M.—Hall bell alarm; Third District; smoke from cracker bakery on Jackson street, near Montgomery; portion of the Department out; no damage. Monumental 6 at work.

Aug. 7, 12 P. M.—Hall bell alarm; Eighth District; light seen in the direction of the Mission; portion of the Department out; scene of conflagration not reached.

Aug. 11, 2 A. M.—Hall bell alarm; Seventh District; portion of the Department out; no fire; a lot of straw and shavings having been ignited at the corner of Folson and Fremont streets, which appeared to have been preconcerted, and gotten up for the purpose of bringing about a fight in the Department, as all the attendant circumstances clearly demonstrated. We hope the Chief Engineer will watch out for these midnight brawlers, and have them arrested and brought before Judge Coon for punishment, whether friend or foe. To bring them before the Board of Delegates is a farce.

Aug. 11 4 P. M.—Hall bell alarm; Second District. Smoke from Coffee Mills on Broadway, between Stockton and Dupont streets. No Damage. No. 9 first on the ground. All told, there were not over 250 men responded to the alarm. We never saw the Department so poorly manned before.

WINE FERmentation.—The Union of Tuesday says: By order of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, the Steward of the Department proceeded yesterday to fill the cisterns throughout the city. In consequence of the inadequate supply of water to be obtained from the hydrants, the Engine Companies generally prefer taking service, when possible, than to trust to the public works for a supply. By this they are secured in case of fire, and the hydrants are obtained from the hydrants. The hydrants should also be thoroughly overhauled and placed in prime condition, as it is not unfrequently happens that most companies, in case of fire, are compelled to depend upon them for a supply, and in many instances who most needed they have been found to be worthless.

EXEMPT.—The election for officers of the Exempt Association takes place on Monday evening next. The Constitution and By-Laws will be ready for signatures to-day, at the office of this paper.

ELLECT.—James Turnbull has been elected Assistant Engineer of the Placerville Fire Department.

Nos. 6 and 12.

The following are the charges preferred by Chief Engineer Whitney, at the request of Frank Edwards, Foreman of No. 12, against No. 6, at the last meeting of the Board of Delegates; the trial of which is set down for Thursday evening next.—In looking over the charges preferred by the Foreman of No. 12, we should judge a portion of them should be submitted to Judge Coon for investigation, instead of the Board of Delegates.—So far as No. 6 is concerned, it is a farce for them to go before the Board of Delegates for trial, for let the circumstances be what they may, the decision will be against them. It will be decided solely on party grounds, and not on the merits of the case.

OFFICE OF CHIEF ENGINEER S. F. F. D.,
AUGUST 11th, 1858.

To the Hon. Board of Delegates of the Fire Department of the City of San Francisco:

GENTLEMEN.—At the request of Frank Edwards, Esq., Foreman of Pennsylvania Fire Company No. 12, I beg leave to inform you that on the 12th inst. an alarm of fire was sounded at night, a collision ensued between the above mentioned company, and Monumental Engine Company No. 6, caused by some of the members of No. 12, while in the active discharge of their duties.

Not being present myself, I cannot make special charges; and I shall leave the same to be investigated by your Hon. Body, hoping that prompt action will be taken in the matter, and the guilty parties punished in the manner prescribed by the laws of the Fire Department.

Very respectfully,
F. E. R. WHITNEY,
Chief Engineer, S. F. Fire Department.

Accompanying the above, I hereby submit the communication of Capt. Edwards.

F. E. R. WHITNEY.

To F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department:

SIR.—At an alarm of fire on Sunday morning, August 18th 1858, at 15 minutes past 12 o'clock, I beg leave to inform you that a collision ensued between the above mentioned company, and Monumental Engine Company No. 6, caused by some of the members of No. 12, while in the active discharge of their duties.

Not being present myself, I cannot make special charges; and I shall leave the same to be investigated by your Hon. Body, hoping that prompt action will be taken in the matter, and the guilty parties punished in the manner prescribed by the laws of the Fire Department.

Very respectfully,
F. E. R. WHITNEY,
Chief Engineer, S. F. Fire Department.

Accompanying the above, I hereby submit the communication of Capt. Edwards.

F. E. R. WHITNEY.

To F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department:

SIR.—At an alarm of fire on Sunday morning, August 18th 1858, at 15 minutes past 12 o'clock, I beg leave to inform you that a collision ensued between the above mentioned company, and Monumental Engine Company No. 6, caused by some of the members of No. 12, while in the active discharge of their duties.

Not being present myself, I cannot make special charges; and I shall leave the same to be investigated by your Hon. Body, hoping that prompt action will be taken in the matter, and the guilty parties punished in the manner prescribed by the laws of the Fire Department.

Very respectfully,
F. E. R. WHITNEY,
Chief Engineer, S. F. Fire Department.

Accompanying the above, I hereby submit the communication of Capt. Edwards.

F. E. R. WHITNEY.

To F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department:

SIR.—At an alarm of fire on Sunday morning, August 18th 1858, at 15 minutes past 12 o'clock, I beg leave to inform you that a collision ensued between the above mentioned company, and Monumental Engine Company No. 6, caused by some of the members of No. 12, while in the active discharge of their duties.

Not being present myself, I cannot make special charges; and I shall leave the same to be investigated by your Hon. Body, hoping that prompt action will be taken in the matter, and the guilty parties punished in the manner prescribed by the laws of the Fire Department.

Very respectfully,
F. E. R. WHITNEY,
Chief Engineer, S. F. Fire Department.

Accompanying the above, I hereby submit the communication of Capt. Edwards.

F. E. R. WHITNEY.

To F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department:

